DINACHRONICLE

NEWS FROM THE FRONT LINES OF FIELD BIOLOGY AND INTERACTION DESIGN

2025, July 20 (Sunday) **DINACON & SEA COMMUNITIES**

ROYAL WEDDING

PRINCE OF DINACON'S SALTY HEART CAPTURED EXOTIC SPANISH DANCER

It's the event of the millennium! A mere week after an intense scandal threatened to mar the reputation of Dinacon's beloved Prince, the reformed royalty found true love deep in the sea. As we all know from his popular TV shows "The Prince of Dinacon" and its spinoff series "TPOD: Night Swim" and "The Great Royal Island Slug-Off," Liong Leong has been on a quest to capture a photo of the Nudibranch that he would one day make his queen.

The world's most eligible slug bachelor had been seen in the company of dozens of Nudibranches, but none seemed to have the perfect fit in his heart.

Late Tuesday evening, however the world was shook, when investigative reporter Ni Luh Andari Widya Lestari from the top Nudibranch publication, "Send Nudis," broke the news that the Prince had finally found his Queen!

Rumors of her beauty drew the prince to participate in a rare Night Swim. Was it the effervescent popping of the shrimp? The sparkles of the bio luminescence lighting the scene? Or simply the majesty of her flowing moves across the coral dance floor, A beautiful Spanish dancer from humble origins on the reef shook the world when Liong Leong scuba-ed down on one knee and proposed.

The village of Les has been in a wild celebratory mode since the announcement of the newest queen to be! Dignitaries from as far as Lumenia and Singapore came to see the betrothal during the royal ceremonies on Friday afternoon. In attendance, the new queen's extended family of Nudibranches from across the map made the journey to the shore, and every nudibranch contestant from the TV shows also came to give their enthusiastic blessings of this union.

DINASAURS IN LES THIS WEEK

Anna, Camila, Dinoj, Eka Made Merta, Garri, Gede Bayu, Gede Budi, Gede Rangga, Gede Wira, Seamus, Jan-Maarten, Mayowa, Olivia, Bharath, Jay, Jeddie, Julia, Ketut Agus, Ketut Widi, Ketut Widiasih, Komang Ngurah, Komang Winastra, Kyle, Liong Leong, Linda, Lucy, Marie, Luh, Nyoman, Pippin, Putu Ari, Sumu, Lee, Andy, Sid, Paula, Alessandra, Alison, Arky, Aryatama, Ashlin, Assia, Ben, Bri, Christine, Cristina, Daniel, Eka, Grace, Harold, Isaac, JoeyJosh, Judy, Koi, Libi, Lichen, Lilou, Logan, Mang, Juul, Marta, Mylo, Monika, Paivi, Paul, Pom, Rebex, Sam, Seto, Levi, Saif, Tessa, Tully, Vincent, William, Xindi, Connie, Kerianne, Don, Amandalynne, Hethre, Colin, Jay Br, Alex B, Alejandro, Weng, Niko, Elliot, April, Maddie, Zoe, Shalaka, Marianna, Serena, Stephane, Hannen, Raka, Rasi, Nova, Grey Ahac, Emily, Hannah, Alex H, Lumen, Mykk, Deren, Ramy, KJ, Saad

DEEP, WIDE AND SLOW

FROM PASSIVE ACOUSTIC MONITORING TO PASSIVE ACOUSTIC LISTENING

DAN LOGAN

Like most discoveries, whale songs were first noticed by accident, when engineers tracking Russian submarines at the height of the cold war started hearing whales instead. An engineer sent some recordings to Roger Payne, a biologist friend of his, who did something that proved pivotal: he played the hours-long recordings on his hi-fi at home, while he went about his day.

By listening for hours at a time, Payne noticed that these vocalizations weren't simple chirps, but complex structured social patterns — songs, even. His 1970 album Songs of the Humpback Whale introduced the masses to these spectacular recordings and spurred a sea change in oceanic environmental stewardship.

A trendy topic in biology now is "passive acoustic monitoring," the science of understanding ecosystems through their soundscapes. Modern machine learning is often used to analyze these long recordings and identify species, complexity and community health. But are we missing the listening?

At Dinacon, I've worked on different techniques for listening to bioacoustic field recordings. First: going deep (into the water) by making inexpensive and radically accessible hydrophones that work as easily as a computer microphone. Secondly: going wide. Sound propagates differently underwater, spreading farther and faster than on land, which can often turn underwater recordings into a cacophony. By using multiple hydrophones at different depths, a stereo field can be constructed that creates something spatially interpretable. Finally, going slow: collaborating with Ashlin on new ways of listening and annotating multi-day recordings.

What patterns can we notice by sending our apartments underwater?

ASK YOUR DOCTOR IF THE WALLACE LINE IS RIGHT FOR YOU

CRAIG

We all know that Dinacon is a special place, wherever it happens. But this year, we are also very close to another special place: the land of Wallace.

The island of Bali is located just outside the western edge of Wallace, and this means that Bali's terrestrial mammals all originated from Asia, with apes, cats, elephants, monkeys and rhinos being present. Just 20 kilometers east of Bali is the island of Lombok. Lombok is within Wallace, and this means that Lombok, and all other places in Wallace, have land mammals that originated from Australia: marsupials, monotremes (echidnas), and native rodents. This division also extends to several bird species since, even though there's no physical reason a bird couldn't fly from one island to another, many bird simply prefer to remain protected within vegetation and not cross open ocean water.

The Wallace Line division arises from land bridges that formed within the past 2.5 million years when sea levels were much lower and ice levels much higher. This allowed land animals to migrate amongst many Indonesian islands, but not east of Bali, where deep water channels remained.

And like many things in nature, the Wallace Line is not a hard cut-off, and can be considered a transition zone: definitely some mammal species have managed to cross over in both directions, and the division largely doesn't apply to plants, insects or bats.

Since Wallace is a bit of a transition zone, defining its exact proportions is challenging, and several lines have been drawn over the years to refine its location. Regardless of where the split happens exactly, it's something you can look out for if you're getting to do any extra travel throughout Indonesia after Dinacon.

DINACON2025

PL Weng

There is a village in Les,
To calibrate and decompress,
Dinasaurs converging globally,
Exchanging knowledge excitedly,
Integrating digital naturalism
at its best.

MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Thanks for sending all your shit late. Its been real. (PS I LOVE YOU)

nonsense translation of "rumah kata" - Afrizal Malna from Bahasa Indonesia to English

See rungs joyously running made under pinto skies
Running, daily gambling without gaining
Remembering rungs left outside, in the mulberry bush
"tong-tong" the serpents eyelids slither
Paging with attitudes brusque but daily mashup of teff
Remembering rungs under aluminum skies, pitter patter
With hinges clinking, days turned upside down. Manna rains, pitter patter
7:03pm

ON TEXTURES

VINCENT

When I bought my first camera, I didn't know what to photograph. Pictures of people always felt forced to me, either posed and pruned, or candid, inconsequential, non-consensual.

Landscapes are lovely, but taking a photo of another sunset or flower, while sometimes majestic, ultimately struck me as banal. I was searching for a subject that conveyed a sense of time and rhythm, that suggested a history, presented a mystery.

I was 28 years old when with my first professional camera, a Sony A7S mkii, I found myself in Tokyo exploring the metropolis through my new camera's lens. I learned its basic functions by documenting the architecture and fish markets, the bustle and sakura in bloom, but eventually discovered my photographic muse not in nature, society or still life, but in the textures I encountered while getting lost in a city that was foreign to me.

Textures: the concrete decay of an urban jungle, the scales of a still-bleeding tuna on ice, the irregular vertical repetition of a rusted iron grate, chipped paint and wood grain of a fence past prime; They suggest a story of man vs. nature, a chronicle of entropy as our best laid attempts at order succumb to the elements, past tense perfection lost to time, the tension of indifferent environments slowly laying claim to our intention.

I must have appeared quite silly finding my niche, zooming in on rocks, walls, and cracks in the streets amidst a sea of tourists pointing their Galaxy S III at the pastel pastiche of cherry blossoms or a willow tree.

Since 2015, my tradition of getting lost on such a scavenger hunt when first arriving in a new locale has been going strong. I've come to enjoy quiet walks through cities and villages, forests and farmhouses, cataloging my travel through the patterns that present themselves on these meditative meanderings whilst texture collecting.

These images have found practical use outside of just a collection of still images, used as dirt maps and grunge layers in graphic design and VJ work, back drops in projection mapped scenic design for events and theater, and have become a special way for me to reconnect with the time and place in which I shot them. Each image evokes a personal memory, bringing me back to warehouses in Berlin, a back alley in London, the graffiti'd walls of a squat in Barcelona or an underpass in New York, affording me an intimate way to inject the unique texture of that time and place into other multi-media art works and compositions.

more on this and other dinacon 2025 projects will be hosted at:

2025.dinacon.org

FINAL INSTALLMENT OF THE OF

THE "ACCELERATE DETERIORATE" THE SEA-PCB STORY

WILLIAM

Last week was a wild one for the Sea-PCB. After the weekend's strong waves, an expedition was sent out to check its status. The fishing line holding the bag with the PCB seemed to be cut and the circuit lost to Atlantis. With immense sadness, the PCB was declared lost at sea. A few days later, a Viking funeral was planned for the fallen solider. Going back to the raft site, it was found hanging out in between a crab and a market pontoon! A celebration for all! Although the PCB lasted, it was still in its almost pristine factory format. There was some yellowing around the LED's on the PCB, and some algae growing on the bag holding the PCB, but other then that the fast-weathering experiment of the PCB has seemed to have FAILED! We will

be applying power to the PCB to see if it lights up in the next couple of days, but all signs point to it still working :-(

7:07pm

DELPHINIPENS

JUUL

This was an attempt to create natural watercolor pigments using blue butterfly pea flowers. Butterfly pea contains a lot of anthocyanins which is the class of compounds found in e.g. purple cabbage and blueberries and many other plants that will change color based on pH. I tried finely chopping the flowers and soaking in cold water but got a better result simply soaking the whole flowers in hot water and leaving it overnight. The filtered liquid was combined with lime juice and baking soda to varying degrees which created an array of blues and reddish purples and then filled into re-fillable watercolor pens. The first result looked good in the pens but was way too light on paper after drying. I made a second batch using even more flowers (bought fresh from the Culinary Institute) where I, after soaking overnight, evaporated much of the water to concentrate the dye by maybe a factor of five. To accomplish this I put a small pot on the 3D printer heated bed and set the bed to 90 C to avoid boiling as that can degrade the anthocyanin. This batch turned out better but it was still too light on paper for most purposes and I ran out of flowers and time. I have a new respect for the concentration of dye present in watercolors.

YOUR DINACON QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY THE LEADING RELATIONSHIP EXPERT

DR. STARFISH!

"my roommate is not my partner and we are not dating, but he gets grumpy if i let him sleep through breakfast? What should i do?"

Go out of your safe zone and learn something! Fix yourself, not him! Here at Dinacon, we are all out of our safe zones, so it's the most important to learn and have joy!

Every frustration you have here at Dinacon, these are all lessons from the ocean god! The ocean gives you tests, and if you get enough points you can evolve to be a sea creature too! After you get an A+ from dinacon, and have all the rules completed. You learn more than just your project here! Also, just be lucky he doesn't snore!

Remember, you can't ever change someone else. If you try you will be brokenhearted and disappointed!

"Dear Dr. Starfish, how can a lowly pleb find a nudibranch queen like the prince of dinacon did? Sincerely, pleb"

Nothing to do, because he's the prince, shit.

"Dr. Starfish, I had an unexpected and thrilling encounter after the sunset boat ride, a dashing young man carried me to the shore, does this mean he likes me? What are my next moves?"

You see insects here. You all have been taking a photo of insects every day. Insects love to jump to the fire. But that can burn them!

That feeling that makes your heart jump? It can be either poison or sweet honey.

If you are strong enough, you can ask yourself which side you will choose. Will you choose the poison or the honey?

Only you can answer the question, because Dr. Starfish doesn't want to have problems if you screw it up.

"I have a friend who has a phobia of their head being bitten off. How do they get over this fear? Please advise?"

Shit. The person must clear your mind. Clear it out.

Here's what you should do. Sit in front of the mirror, and think about herself. Think about the thing eating your head, and what that would look like.

Then see yourself being the bigger thing, even bigger than that thing, and talk to it.

Talk to the thing. Tell it you are beautiful. You are strong. It can't eat your eat! How can it scare you! Shit. Get out, thing!

And next time you go to the sea you won't be scared. Next time you will level up with the sea god and not be scared.

If that doesn't work, go to hell. Shit. This is the real world.

Maybe next century get reincarnated and come back to dinacon as somebody more brave.

"How can I get my Dinacutie to notice me? I've been wearing a sea sponge on my head for several days but she hasn't paid any attention. Do I need a bigger sponge?"

This poor guy. Shit. All my whole life, i've been a professional Dr. Starfish, but this guy is just a baby boy. Oh my god.

This is the heart of silliness.

He does something like that, very silly. But remember, the people who come to Dinacon, especially female, are not stupid.

Do your own fashion. You don't need a sponge. Come and talk. Be normal, be simple, not stupid.

Your question should make sure to come from your brain.

The females here have a good sensor of what you really want. They know if you just want di-di-di di! Just show your skill. And you are sweet charming.

Make honey drops of love. Leave them out for her. She will follow them like ants if she is interested.

Don't go tail wagging first! If you open your mouth, ladies can see the tongue wagging first. If you do the stupid way, bad! If you are smart, oh yeah! Also if you are stupid, go to hell!

Or a black hole, or some kind of shit.

"My brain does this weird thing where it totally melts and seeps out in the form of word vomit, when attempting to flirt. On behalf of all the near-debilitatingly-awkward people on the planet, you got any advice here Doc?"

First love yorself. Just learn how to love yourself. That's it!

OR Maybe you are freezing because you just want to EAT PEOPLE!

INSIDE YOUR HEART IS TOO HOT

cool down and be gentle and love yourself first

This woman sounds very selfish. She only takes loves. Maybe if you knew how to give love, you wouldn't be scared. But you only take!

(Editor - it seems like she just gets nervous)

No!

She is already dead inside 10 times. If someone sees someone they want to love and can't talk, it means they cannot feel love. Go look for a youtube video on how to make yourself better and wash your face. There's lots of good resources on the internet.

Do training with people around you to talk about sweet words. Practice flirting with people around you with safe people to build confidence. Figure out which words you want to use for a lover.

Maybe in the future you can be a filmmaker from all the words you collected. I believe one day automatically all the cute people will just come.

In summary, first learn by yourself, build social skills, and then collect good words to say to sexy people, practice, and when the time comes, if you are ready to have the exam, then go for it!

If fail- go to the hell.

C'mon, shit.

5 KINDS OF WATER IN LES VILLAGE

KJ & DEREN

In Les Village, Bali, water plays a vital role in daily life and spiritual practice. The local Balinese recognize five kinds of water, each with a different level of holiness and purpose:

Sea Water (Yeh Pasih)
Use: For cleaning floors and washing tools.
Holiness: Considered the least holy among the five; used for purification of space, not the self.

Well Water (Yeh Sumur)
Use: For daily household use such as drinking, bathing, and cooking.
Holiness: Neutral—neither sacred nor impure, but foundational for daily life.

Coconut Water (Yeh Nyuh)
Use: Used for cleaning ritual offerings and in certain ceremonial mixtures.
Holiness: Mildly sacred, associated with cleansing and freshness.

Spring Water (Yeh Anakan)
Use: Drawn from sacred mountain springs for temple offerings and for fasting.
Holiness: Highly revered; considered naturally blessed by the spirits of the land.

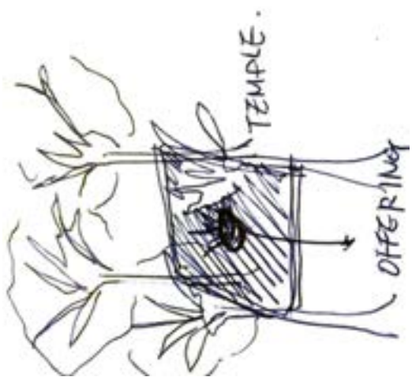
Blessed Holy Water (Tirta and Tirta Penglukatan)
Use: Used during ceremonies to purify body (Tirta), and soul (Tirta Penglukatan).
Holiness: The most sacred—water that has been ritually blessed by a priest (pemangku) or temple ceremony.

This water hierarchy reflects the Balinese belief in balance between the niskala (unseen) and sekala (seen) realms, and the ritual importance of water as a bridge between them.

LES UMAH (HOUSE)

KJ + Source: Wira Artawan, Luh Satriasih(Pipin) , and Komang Ngurah Semita Dana and Komang Winastra

A traditional house, or umah in Les Village, is not a single structure but a group of small buildings arranged within a family compound.
The layout follows the kaja-kelod (mountain-sea) and kangin-kauh (east-west) directions, aligning sacred and everyday spaces with the natural surroundings. The family temple (sanggah kemulan) is placed in the kaja-kangin (southeast) corner, the most sacred area. In contrast, places for cooking and bathing are found in the kelod-kauh (north), considered the impure or lower part of the space. People sleep with their heads pointed toward kaja, facing the sea.
The middle of the compound, seen as the "body," contains the main living spaces—simple open pavilions (bale) where the family eats, rests, and spends time together. These are flexible spaces used for both daily life and gatherings. Elders or parents usually sleep in a pavilion on the east side, close to the daily life of the family but with some quiet and comfort. Inside the parents' room, located near the southeast corner, a small private shrine is also kept for daily prayer.
At the center of the compound is the well, used for daily tasks like drawing water, washing, and cooling off. It's also a place where people come together during ceremonies or to prepare offerings.
The family temple holds shrines for ancestors and gods and is used for regular offerings and ceremonies. It is the most carefully maintained part of the compound. Next to the entrance of the family temple, there is a small shrine believed to protect the compound, like a spiritual guard. Near the front gate, a small platform is set aside for daily offerings to welcome and appease passing spirits. It is the most carefully maintained part of the compound.
Traditionally, the youngest son stays in the compound to care for the parents and the temple, continuing the family responsibilities.
(Special thanks to Komang Ngurah Semita Dana for showing his house.)



EVIDENCE OF SPIRITS

SAM

Tools moving from where you had left them? Fridge emptied of beer and pocari sweat? Some may say that you have lingering fossilized Dinosaur spirits at your workspace! These spirits refuse to leave as they cannot rest

Experts claim that parts of spirits can be trapped in dinasaur poop. They recommend cleaning your spaces and actually finishing documentation prior to fossilization to prevent a trapped soul.

DIGITAL AUDIO COMMONS

READY TO USE

sumu

Load up your samplers and groove boxes with sounds sourced from Les! Bajra Suara Giri Lestari Desa Les samples a local rindik ensemble Bank Sample Sampah Plastik sonifies plastics found around the village,:

PROJECT HAIKU

A bell when struck
under water makes a
picture of fish

Two blue starfish
On a digital reef
Play hide and seek

An avatar
Made of sex and sensors
to meet your meat

Maggots and leafs
are singing their lives
just tune your ears

Sing of Bali!
Your roosters, your
scooters
your gamelan

Go fly a kite
in a sky of starfish
you astronaut

Jan

ANNOUNCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE NUMBERS ARE IN

ELLIOT

The prediction markets are heating up. Rumors are there was insider trading on Wednesday, July 9th when Dinasaurs secretly were involved in pumping the announcements to heights never before seen. The markets hit an all-time high of 28:22, with dinner nearly breaking the 8:30pm mark, before falling precipitously the next day to a meager 11:50. Upon further questioning, commissioner Sidney responds “no comment.”

The Andy New Development Index (ANDI) rose yesterday to 17:14 on the close of dinner. Trends continue in a downward turn and it seems we are headed into a waterbear market, let us hope that like those little tardigrades that we are extreme enough to survive the slump into fossilization in a cryptobiotic state.

The firms of Lee, Alex B and Ramy are tied for first place in the standings of the prediction market with two wins each. It is said that a golden pocari lies waiting for the ultimate victor in this struggle for supremacy.

GUARDIANS

OF SEGARA LESTARI

GALAXY

PL

THERE IS A WHITE DOG NAMED
SAMMI,
WHO TAKES CHARGE OF NEWBIES,
FLANKED BY 2 ORANGE CATS,
LIVED AMONGST THE BATS,
GUARDIANS OF SEGARA LESTARI
GALAXY.

A MAN WITH A FLAMING EIGHT BALL TATTOOED ON HIS ARM

SHALAKA

The weekend before I left on my 38 hour journey to Dinacon, I was driving back from a friend's wedding, moving through the rolling hills of southwestern Ontario. They were verdant in the way that agricultural fields are in early July: green, suntired from the intensity of the heat. Our car of three listened to the song 8 Ball by Underworld, a British electronic group from the late 1980s. Usually, my brain feels really waterlogged – heavy, sluggish, carrying a tiring number of anticipations. I'm working on it, most days. The last time I was in southeast Asia nine years ago, I'd almost drowned when I slipped while canyoning, and I think there's still a sort of panic built up in my body that hasn't yet cycled out. Coming back into the water on the north shore of Bali days after the full moon's tidal force was audible when I tried to go to sleep was something I'd worked on every morning in Les, when I'd walk to the only bench on the shore that was in the shade at 6:30am, and breathe in and out with the ocean. If the panic hadn't cycled out yet, I was going to cycle with it.

In Jamie XX's Breather on his 2024 album In Waves, a voice says:
You deserve to feel good, You deserve to be healthy
Nothing exists except your breath right now

It's probably something annoying that Sid and I would shittalk after a stretching class back home in Kitchener, but thickened under the Oberheim OB-8, the voice swished around in my head during my first snorkel.

Nothing exists except your breath right now
– but also, life is happening in every square millimeter compressing against our bodies. This body of water, so salty that even after rinsing off, it lingers gently, if you lick your lips.

I also kept Keri's voice in my head, reminding me to relax while breathing, and Connie talking me through adjusting to swimming with a life jacket. Zoe kept me company by the shore when I didn't feel ready enough to move past where I could stand. Maddy held my hand on the steps, helping me into the water as she prepared to lower her coral armoury.

Today, Today, I saw a man, Today, I saw a man, With a flaming eight ball, Tattooed on his arm

When I remembered to relax, I could hear shrimp snapping on the reef. Closer to shore, I trace the sunlight as it shimmers through, refracting over and over and over. I wonder if, like the orange tabby cats that wander around all day, the fish also seek out the patches of sunlight: one, motivated by the gentle warmth building in the body, the other, searching for sustenance in the other sense of the word. My mind, still waterlogged down here, is differently mediated by the pressure of the goggles squeezing my head hard. I'm so deeply distracted by the immensity of this small slice of our interdependence that I can't even keep tabs on all that I see. Seeing almost becomes moot, feeling not enough of a word to hold the corporeal responsibility of this moment. The deep time of the reefs, of the black sand, of the salt.

THEY FLY AMONG US!

THE BATS OF SEGARA LESTARI

LOGAN

For the past week, a microphone has kept watch over the Segara Lestari restaurant. Don't be too creeped out though — it's listening in ultrasound (30-90 kHz) for the echolocation calls of bats.

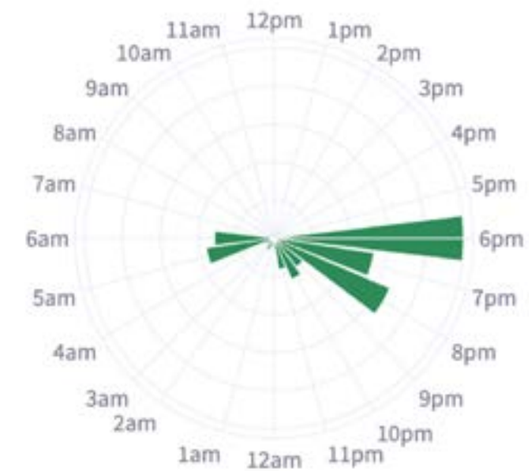
In just a week, it has recorded 3,740 different bat calls! The bats are most active between 5:30 and 6:30pm, right around sunset.

Different bats produce calls at different frequencies, allowing species to be distinguished. So what sort of bats do we have at Segara Lestari? Great question!

Unfortunately, there is little information about the calls of Indonesian bats. A few academics have collected data, but in true academic fashion, they are keeping the data private until a paper can be published… The detector is trying its best to identify European bat species here, and while this is a futile exercise, it is useful at separating the recordings into different frequency groups.

The most common bat, with 2,633 recordings, produces calls around 55 kHz. 488 recordings captured a species calling at 48 kHz, and a third place bat, with 327 recordings, echolocates at 45 kHz. 119 recordings heard broadband clicks between 50 and 90 kHz (possibly an insect.) In 17 recordings, a complex musical phrase was captured around 35 kHz, perhaps a social call. Finally there are the outliers, from ultra-low frequency calls at 22 kHz, to three recordings that heard a long descending whistle from 50 kHz to 30 kHz.

I'll post the best recordings to iNaturalist and hope to learn more about who our flying mammalian neighbors are!



HOW DOES THIS **BALINESE CALENDAR WORK?**

PAULA

I'm still learning! Here's what I learned from Luh.

This calendar can be read like an almanac. It shows many names of the day based off different systems.

You can find out when are auspicious days to plant new crops in your farm, build weapons and tools, and hold ceremonies. Two main calendar systems are: Saka (lunar calendar) Pawukan (traditional Balinese calendar). The Saka calendar has 12 sasih (months), with roughly 15 days of waxing moon and 15 days of waning moon.

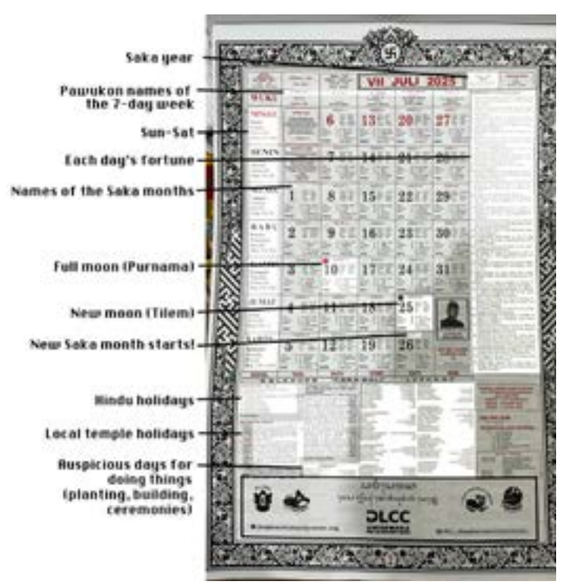
Important eves in this calendar are the eve of Tilem (new moon) and the eve of Purnama (full moon). Nyepi, the day of silence, happens on every new Saka year. The Pawukon calendar lasts 210 days, or 30 seven-day weeks, or 42 five-day weeks (both week cycles exist and are meaningful). Also, each week in the seven day cycle has a name. Confused yet? Hang in there!

7 day week
Sun - Redite
Mon - Coma
Tue - Anggara
Wed - Buda
Thu - Wraspati
Fri - Sukra
Sat - Saniscara
5 day week
Paing, Pon, Wage,
Wuku: names of the weeks (in the 7-day week cycle)
Sinta, Landep, Ukir, Kulantir, Tolu, Gumbreg, Wariga, Warigadean, Julungwangi, Sungsang, Dungulan, Kuningan, Langkir, Medangsia, Pujut, Pahang, Krulut, Mrakih, Tambir, Madangkungan, Matal, Uye, Manail, Perangbakat, Bala, Ugu, Wayang, Klawu, Dukut, Watugunung

Two important holidays using this calendar are Galungan (ancestral spirits visit the earth) and Kuningan (when the spirits return). Galungan happens on the 11th Wednesday of the year (also known as Buda Kliwon Dunggulan). Kuningan happens 10 days later, or Saniscara Kliwon Kuningan).

Your Balinese Pawukon birthday is determined by the week you were born (Wuku) and the day you were born in both the 7-day and 5-day weeks.

Here's a lil python script to calculate your Pawukon birthday from your Gregorian birthday. Just run 'python pawukon.py yyyy-mm-dd'. If you announce your birthday to the locals and it's clearly an unlucky day, they may change your day to a more auspicious one!

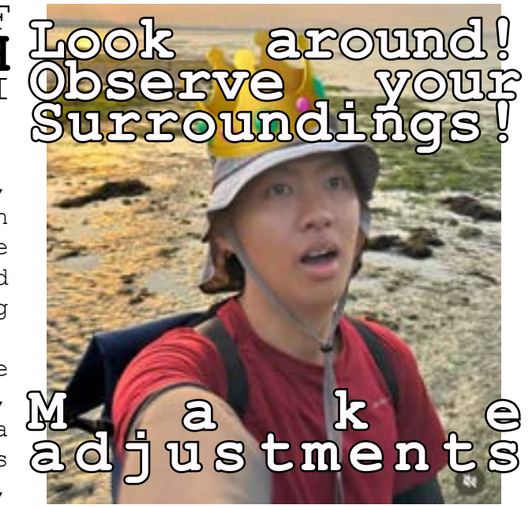


THE BUREAU OF **SURREALIST RESEARCH** AT SEGARA LESTARI

Hether

Garri submitted the following dream:

This dream was way back in 2010 or something, when I felt like there must be a change in my life. I dreamed that I was falling in the map—there was this map in the background, and I was falling. Where I landed, everything was melting, including
clocks. Everything was kind of a mirror image of where I am from. The left is in the right, and there's this—this I remember vividly—a cart selling stuff. It looks like the ones we have back home (in the Philippines), but when I look at what was being sold, it's totally different. I mean the shape is the same, but when you look closely, the colors: they are different. Very similar, but different. And I thought, when I came to Bali, "Oh! That dream sounds like Indonesia. That dream looks like Indonesia." And that's when I decided, "Maybe I should transfer to Indonesia." Yeah, that's my dream. It kind of guided me in making a decision to transfer. I thought, "Well, I have dreamt of somewhere, and it seems to be the right decision to go there." Because when you are confronted with a forking road—as they say—it's difficult to make a decision unless there is some kind of "Oh!" and that dream gave me the "Oh!" Yeah. Maybe. Yeah. That's why I'm here. That's why I'm meeting you at the Dinacon."



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

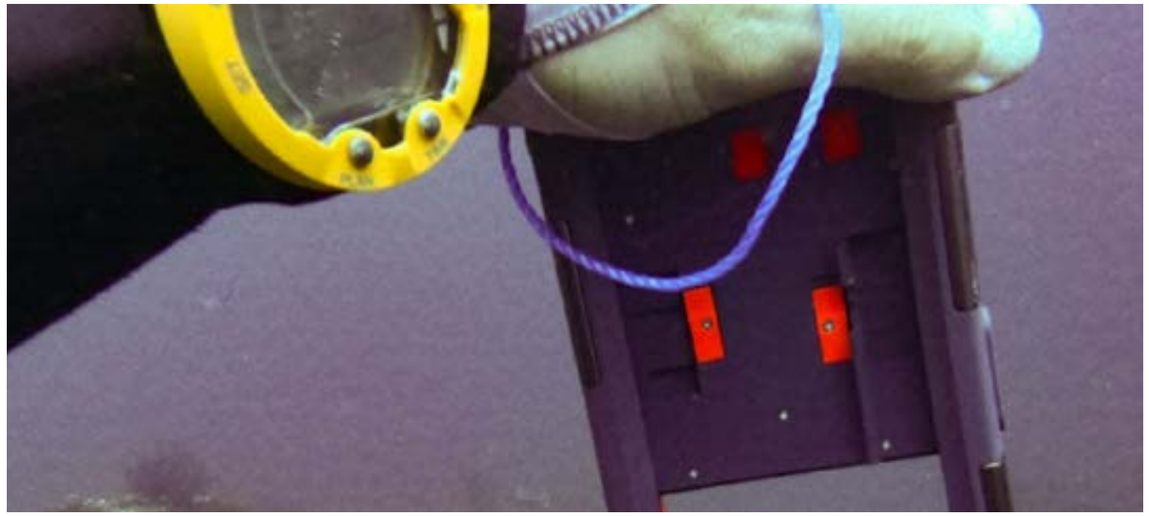
tell folks that you can attach banana to copper?
tell folks that we can create community with people from all reaches of the earth by congregating in a place on an island no one is from,
with the intent of being with, studying, and creating in nature's cradle

i see people walking working talking
organizing, growing, blooming

i see tools in hands weaving wonders into the world
from the thread of found objects
the secrets of spinning silken stories unravels
shared words become images, ideas, shared realities
sparks of individual imagination tended to and kindled by community
into flame

CRUSHING HARD

ALEX H



The crazy crush drama between Electronics and Ocean

Oh, my, god, you guys, do you know about Nature and Vacuum? Nature was, like, saying in the cafeteria that they totally abhor Vacuum. I can't even. I just can't! Yeah, but, like, have you heard the tea about Ocean and Electronics? Ocean snuck in when Electronics wasn't looking, and, like, broke all of Electronics's stuff. OMG, so rude! I wonder how Ocean did it. OMG, do you want me to explain it to you in a storytelling, vaguely Lore-ish way? OMG I totally do. OK then, here I go:

The fight between Ocean and Electronics is a rather one-sided fight, and Ocean is, like, a total bitch. See, Ocean has two main tricks that it uses in its relentless, frothy campaign to destroy all Electronics. The first is that it has this stuff called seawater that immediately breaks any circuitry it touches. The second trick is that Ocean has a lot of seawater, and it's in a big, deep pile. The further you go down into the pile, the harder the seawater tries to touch your electronics. Ocean aficionados call this trick water pressure, and if you are an Electronic, this trick is a doozy.

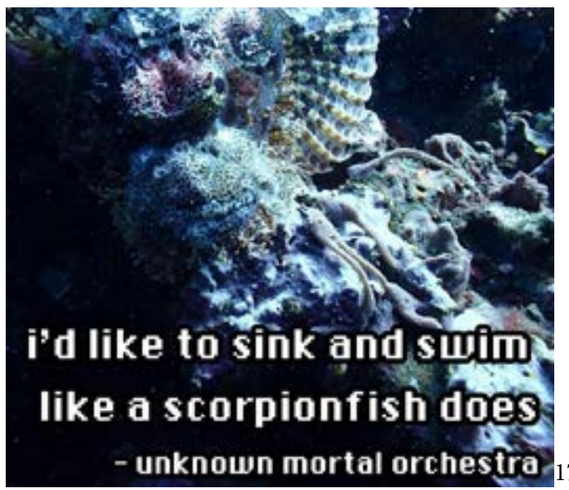
Like all conflict stories, though, the story of the war between Ocean and Electronics is not simple. There's something much more profound afoot, an ancient fight between Water and Air. Electronics, preferring to stay dry, invoked a +5 Hot Air Solder Leveling and sided early on with Air, and Ocean, historically being on the side of Water, therefore became mortal enemies of Electronics. Electronics sided with Air because, after all, it was so convenient – you could put an Electronic into a box full of Air, put on a lid to keep Ocean out, and the Electronic would be happy inside. Whenever you wanted to take the Electronic out, just open the lid and there you are.
The trouble there is that Air has a fatal weakness against Water: Air is compressible, Water is not. That means that if you put a box full of Air into Water, and you bring it deeper and deeper under Water, the box gets squeezed more and more by the pile of Water above it, until the combination of the air pressure inside the box and the rigidity of the box matches the force of the squeeze that the water pressure is putting on the box. If you build a very strong, very rigid box, like a submarine, the air pressure inside doesn't change very much, even when it goes deep. If you have a very un-rigid box, like a sandwich bag full of air, it will get squeezed and crumpled into a little ball as you go down, and the air pressure goes up and up inside the box until the Water goes in and Air goes out.

One more nuance, here: in Electronic society, everything is made of parts, and parts cost Money, so everyone thinks about Money, and they try to spend as little of it as possible. Ocean society doesn't use Money at all, and Ocean can't be bribed to hate Electronics and less. Rigid boxes cost more than un-rigid boxes, and so the only Electronics that could go deep in the ocean had a great deal of Money, like James Cameron or Paul Allen-Money, to afford fancy, very rigid boxes made of precious, rigid things like Titanium and Sapphire.

Perhaps the error Electronics made was the way it chose in the ancient battle between Water and Air. Electronics took the convenient choice of Air, but it was the weaker side, because Air is compressible. And, as it turned out, there were more than two sides. Electronics could also choose a different side, neither Air nor Water, but a different liquid that did not break Electronics, like Air, but also could not be compressed, like Water. There were actually several choices that would work, like Oil or Epoxy. Instead of filling a box with Air, you could fill it with one of these other liquids. Because these other liquids cannot be compressed, you don't need an expensive, rigid box because the liquid takes all the force of the water pressure. You can put Electronics into either liquid, and the Electronics can keep working and Water cannot get in. Epoxy is nice because it is a solid, firm material, but Oil is also nice because you can take Electronics back out of Oil if you like. As long as an Electronic has no Air inside of it, you can put it in a sandwich baggie full of Oil or Epoxy and send it down to the bottom of Ocean, and Water cannot get in. These liquids are a secret power-up, turning the simplest box into a superbox that can contend with Ocean in all of its wrath.

A cheap $20 housing at dinacon, powered-up with $1 of baby oil, happily hanging out down at 100'

P.S. If you want to see the full power of this trick, Brennan Philips, also from the Ocean State, powered up a raspberry pi with a few bucks of Epoxy and put it down at the very bottom of Ocean in a super low-cost ocean exploration project called DEEPi



REVIEW OF DJ PROJECT RUNWAY'S FASHION EXTRAVAGANZA OF THE CENTURY

WILLIAM

"It was an honest mistake" Shakala responded when I asked her what happened to the sunset fashion show on Thursday evening. "Listen, my massage was running late, I didn't get out until after the sunset, maybe we should just cancel it." She told me as we were bobbing weightlessly in the Balinese post-sunset gleam. I wasn't having it. Fashions needed to be displayed, the people were in desperate need of a spontaneous creative outlet: being cooped up in a villa with 50 creative bug-loving hot-crush-worthy talented freaks makes one yearn for a charismatic explosion of self expression.

The time was set for post dinner, in the kitchen. Well I guess more of the dining room, but potato tomato. With 30 minutes to setup, we hung the Jellamp, Jan-Martaan's underwater kite, rearranged the dining room tables into a catwalk and set the lighting. The stage was set and we were ready to freaking go.
The energy of the night was infectious. The dinasaur's filed in rambunctiously, all of Sea Communities' were curiously watching, the visiting Singaporean university students trepedatiously sat down, and the Segara Lestari staff stood with wide eyes and phones out.

Due to some unforeseen delays in setup and logistics, chaos quickly ensued, people we shouting! Shalaka started playing Fred Again.. to calm them down but that just made them ravenous to strut their stuff. The night began on everyone's favorite: Garri! He was singled out and the crowd lost their marbles. We started going around the room, each person encouraged to walk the catwalk with their best indigo cloth and animal impersonation. With each person, no matter how wild or benign the walk was, the crowd got more and more hype, ascending a metaphorical Jacob's Ladder of excitement all the way to full orgasmic joy.
We had Craig pretending to be a pretty boy peacock, Alex B an aggressive angler fish, Hethre was a shy slow moving preening pet-expecting cat, Pom was a bicycle queen replete with wheelies and flowers, Alex H slowly stripped and jumped over the banister and ran to the sea(?), Paula was a peace signing nudibranch, the Singaporean students were sharks, whales, and bears, William was crab walking somersaulting fool, Andy was a caterpillar, pupating under the Jelllamp into a moth, Elliot was platypus dressed up as a scuba diver. We ended the fashion show with something of a could-be dénouement that turned into a full fledged flailing party. Shalaka asked us to all strut our stuff one-by-one one more time so the judges could make their pick of most beautiful being. Instead the audience just couldn't stay seated anymore and exploded into dance. Lights were flashing, shoulders were mounted, it was an infection and the Center for Disease Control was nowhere to be found. The Tokyo Drift theme song reigned supreme on the dancefloor, the song's synthesized gong sounds entranced the partygoers, it had to be played a total of three times. The party continued until a salacious 10:03pm after which all fashionistas beamed themselves up to the upper sanctums of heaven, levitating their way to perfect party Valhalla.
7:33pm

POCARI SWEAT-BUCHA

Early taste-testers rave:

"I don't want any but I'm glad you did this"
-lee

"That's one of the best kombuchas I've ever had"
-andy

frantic wavy arm motions
-muffin

"It would have been better, but I like, just brushed my teeth"
-sid

"Tastes like standard booch"
-eliott

"It's good – it's actually quite refreshing. Dina-booch!"
-saad

"A fine bouquet. My favorite tasting technique is the swishing."
-emily

"It's not, like, good"
-shalaka

Your scientists were so preoccupied with whether or not they could, they didn't stop to think if they should

In the latest dispatch from the Dinacon laboratories on the sunny shores of Bali, Indonesia, hardworking ferment-osaurs have developed a recipe for brewing kombucha out of Pocari Sweat, the Asian gatorade.

The science:
Kombucha is a tea fermented by a Symbiotic Colony Of Bacteria and Yeast (aka a SCOBY). Exactly which bacteria and yeast varies widely from place to place and brand to brand, but the usual suspects are an acetic acid bacteria (commonly vinegar-producing species like Acetobacter or Komagataeibacter), one or several yeasts (commonly fruit/wine pals like Saccharomyces, Brettanomyces, Zygosaccharomyces), and sometimes a lactic acid bacteria like everyone's favorite yogurt pal Lactobacillus.

The yeast eat the sugar and produce alcohol and CO_2, the bacteria also eat the sugar and produce vinegar and cellulose (the jellyfish-like 'mother' that will appear on top of the mixture after a few days), and the bacteria also eat the alcohol made by the yeast and go into a cellulose-producing frenzy. They will also metabolize the caffeine and other compounds in the tea into a variety of interesting and delightful products, which change the taste and properties of the booch. Both the bacteria and yeast are tolerant of acidic environments, which helps protect against other unwanted micro-bugs from getting that sweet sweet sweat. The symbiotic microbes work together to turn their environment into a nice, protected food source that works for both of em.

The classic kombucha growth media is black tea with a cup of white sugar per gallon of tea. The culture is very versatile, however, and can grow in all kinds of stuff, including Pocari Swea. The important thing is that the culture has sources of carbon, nitrogen, and amino acids. In Pocari Swea, carbon comes from sugar (built into pocari sweat), and the nitrogen and animo acids come from the tea leaves. In a pinch, marmite or nutritional yeast can turn pretty much any sweet liquid into a booch-friendly broth, as can MSG.

Recipe:
Put one bag of black tea in one bottle of Pocari Sweat.

Leave in the fridge overnight to make cold-brewed Pocari Sweat

In the morning, pour into a jar that you can cover with a cloth or paper. Be sure not to use plastic or any airtight cover, the bacteria needs oxygen!

Add a couple mL of liquid from any living kombucha culture or bottled beverage

Cover with cloth or paper to keep the flies out and let 'er run for a few days. The culture is happiest and will ferment most quickly when warm, around 90F/32C, but will work at a wide range of temperatures.
If you're in a rush, you can make the environment a little friendlier for the colony by adding some white vinegar to bring the pH down to ~5, which is its happy place, and also helps keep other microbes from contaminating a fresh culture.

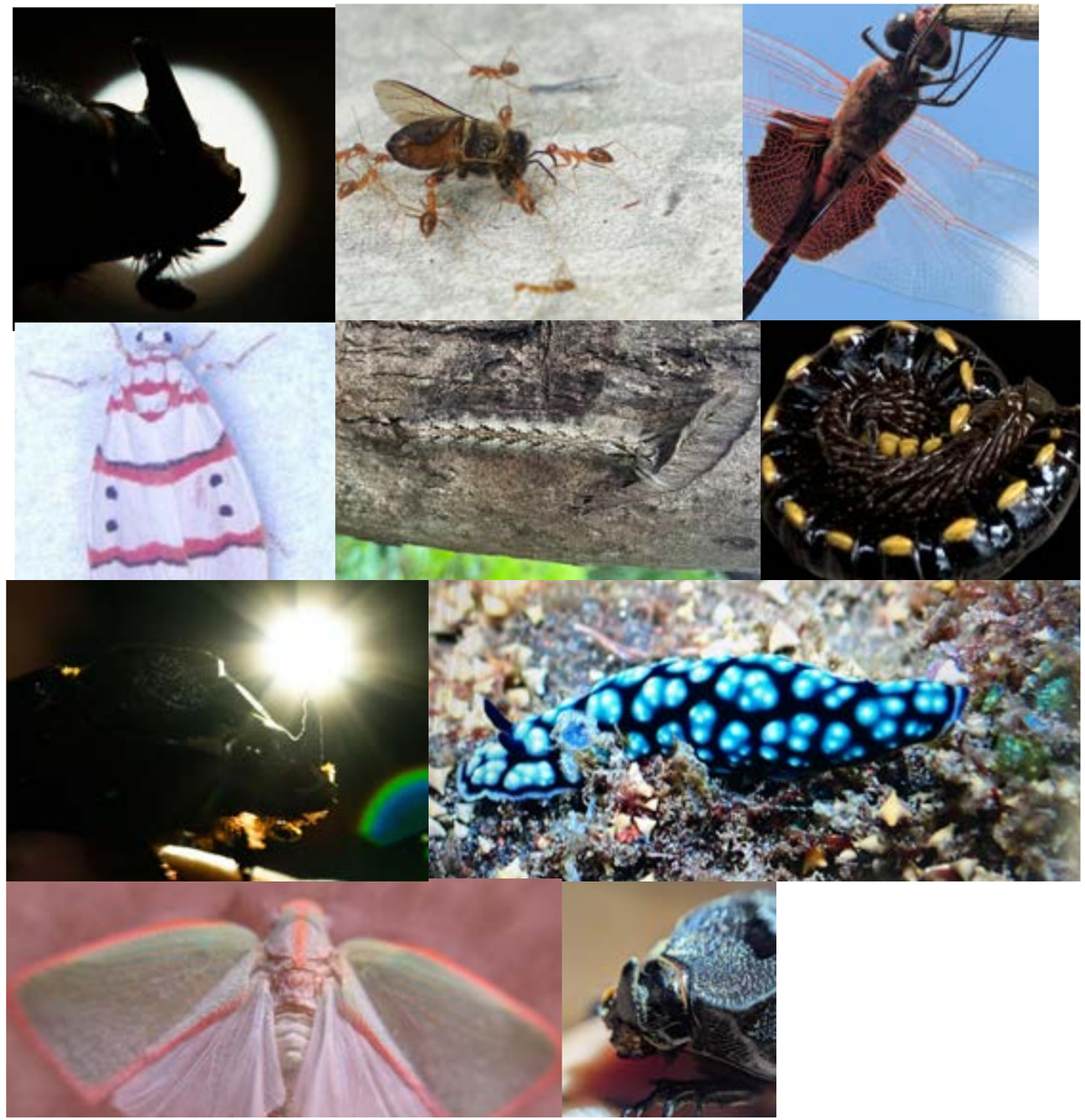
JUDUL: HABLUR PUTIH

Oleh PL Weng

seperti asap putih beralun
di batu beras
berdansa joli berkerja keras
mulanya segerombolan
berhempas di bawah purname bulan
jatuh menyusu, memberi makan
kepada anak² si pembuat garam
pelbagai bentuk, susunan dan ragam
kapal kristal perisa umami
hidangan canang sari setiap hari
Les is more,
papan tanda warung tasik
Les obor api kebus,
penanda kecil ritma rindik
di hati.

Translation:
Title: White crystal

SOME BUGS WE ALSO LIKED
(NOT BUG OF THE DAY)



HOW CAN I BE STRONG LIKE CORAL?

TESSA

Last week the Coral Oracle (or Coracle) opened for business, offering gentle guidance from the seas of Les. Querants brought their worries, uncertainty and curiosity, and together we worked with the coral, Balinese sayings, language and knowledge of this place to find some insight, maybe a direction, or at least an interesting story. Sadly the Coracle is not equipped to provide secret intel on future events! We were however able to address various personal challenges around friends who won't listen to your advice, life paths, relationship troubles, where to build ocean access steps, how to be comfortable in a large noisy group, managing your wayward dinacon project, and so on. Since Tessa's departure on Sunday, the Coracle has been valiantly held aloft by her successor Maria ~ Suksma to the incredible Sea Communities translators, Maria, Garri, Team Dinacon and everyone who came for a reading!

Below: extract of Coral Meditation, Sea Communities office, Les

"… let your awareness expand outwards, to include an area where you might feel a sensation of air, a breeze, of coolness or heat. Spend some time with this ... see if you can identify a clear edge between you and what is not you ... or does it feel more fuzzy, like a cloud? … Now, open to all the senses: any colours and shapes you might be seeing, the smell of salt and carbon, things you can hear ... As breath comes in and goes out, try to feel the whole of yourself as a kind of sensate cloud, blending into whatever is around you.
... There are tiny gaps between all your cells, in your fluids, your tissues, your skin ... just as there are in rocks, trees, microbes, water, algae, the polyp or body of a coral ... everything in the cosmos is threaded through with these teeny tiny pockets of space, interconnected and open.
… … … … … … … … Do these spaces inside your body feel different to the ones outside, in the weather or air of the island? In the bodies of papasan, of rocks and the branching acropora coral attached to their skin?
... … … … … Here at the western edge of The Coral Triangle, 6 million square kilometers of coral reefs, hundreds and hundreds of different species – pocillopora, echinophullia, porites. … waves rolling in, sediment collecting on the sea floor, further out a whale highway … … … … fishermen say when the whales change direction, there's new weather coming. … "

WORKSHOP ROUNDUP

Elliot led an intro to spirulina and gave attendees a run down on what it can be used for

Logan taught a group how to make simple hydrophones to listen to the creatures under the sea

Alex H showed folks how to utilize their cell phones to collect data in the ocean

William ran another edition of the bike DinaMo workshop to show people how to make free energy

Pak Eka led a crew in building alternative coral housing structures shaped like a mushroom and a mantra ray

Lee and Alex B ran the elusive and outside of time Dyenacon helping folks dye their own dinacon patches

Jay Brown gathered folks to experiment with language in a playful translation experience

Paula spent time showing folks some of her underwater photography that thrilled the crowd

Emily helped folks explore ways they can tell stories through exchanging their own personal journeys in their work

A group of Dinasaurs went on an early morning hike up and down mount batur

Elliot brought folks together to play with ways they can make code make fun sounds

Lumen and Maria collaborated on the tiny town workshop that had folks creating the residents of an underwater city

Stéphane led folks through the build of a BrailleRap, the open source braille embosser

William had another edition of after dinner scrappy earring making with found objects

Andy helped folks experience how terrible it would be to not have sweet receptors in a flavour tripping party

Keri taught folks how they can form leather and into shapes and made leather seashells with folks

Vincent showed people different video art tools and creations

Elliot got to work showing folks the practical side of spirulina farming with a hands on workshop at the organic farm

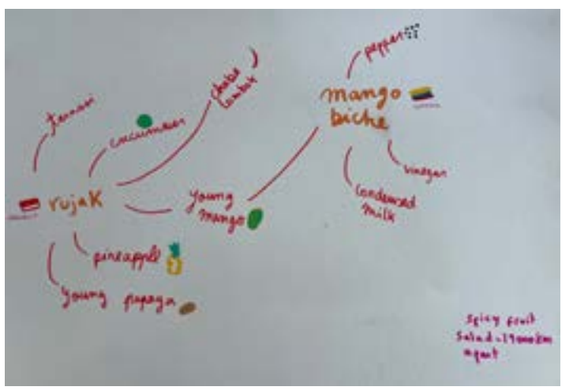
Emily turned our worlds upside down with upside down ocean in HQ

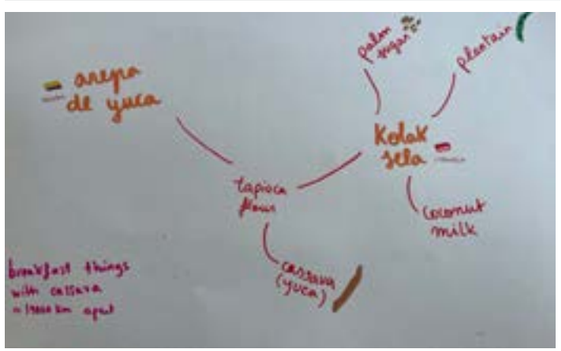
CELEBRITY NEWS

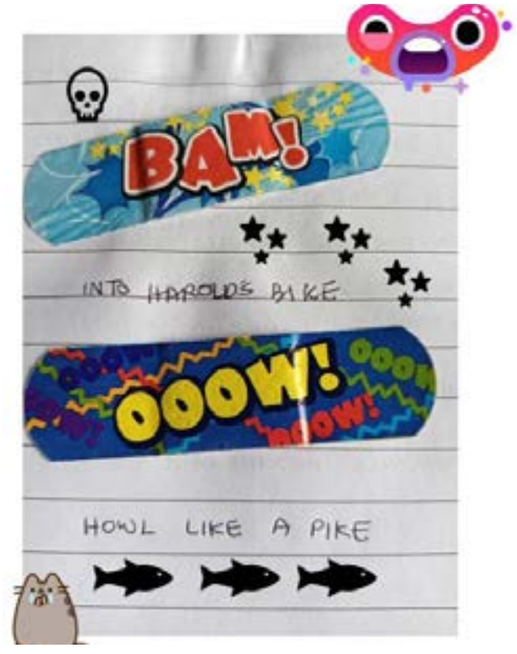
FAMILIAR FLAVORS ON THE OTHER SIDE

MARIANA

Driving down a small road with just the jungle around, standing under a mango tree, wearing flip flops all year round all feels familiar. Foraging in Les and smelling a different morringa, tamarind, coconut brought back memories of another place in the other side of the world. Colombia and Indonesia feel the same… but different. Some of these memories I can only understand through taste. Here are some recipes with 2 of my favorites, yuca (cassava) and mango.







THERE WAS A GENTLEMAN WITH A POETIC WHISKER

PL WENG

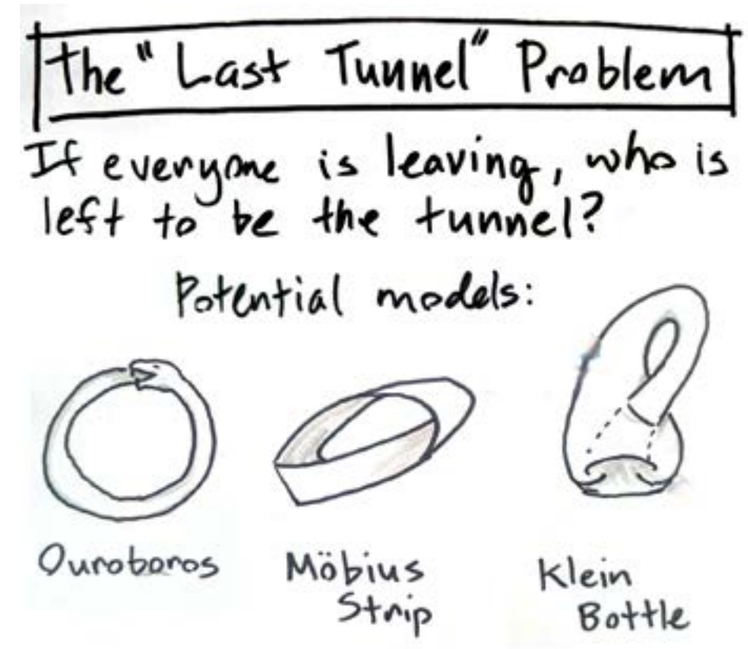
There was a gentleman with a poetic whisker,
Charming with words, son of a glover,
Made some scurrilous works,
Came with a lot of perks,
Such was the life of this famous sonnet lover.

Who is this person?
Answer: William Shakespeare

WHAT YOUR KIDS TEXTS ACTUALLY MEAN

CRAIG

fml: finally, moths located
opp: out picking plumeria
wtf: what's this frog?
rtfm: reclaimed trash for me
idk: i'm drinking kombucha
stfu: snorkeling time for us
bde: bug documentation energy
np: nudibranch princess
stan: simply taking a nap
omg: ooh, mie goreng
ttyl: tunnel time, you leave
lmao: love me an octopus
simp: sensors in my project



Draw Your Own!
(and send to April)

ABANDONED PROJECTS

APRIL

A brief acknowledgment of some of the big project ideas that were had at Dinacon 2025, but were ultimately abandoned. Release them back into the ocean from whence they came.
(Thanks for sharing!)

Tiny Natural History Museum: I prepared materials for it and brought the parts, but there were technical difficulties and I got distracted by another object of interest and pursued that. This project was about taking specimens of curiosity and putting them in a museum to have them in dialogue with a community that is familiar with the specimens, as opposed to taking them to a foreign country out of their original context.
- Zine project about immigrating fruits
--- HANNAH

Tardigrade Hunt: I brought a really nice microscope (and 2 not so nice ones) but didn't obtain 32 micron mesh for a sieve/ Baermann plate. So I was stuck doing the brute force method. Between that, poor sampling handling (recoverable if I just got new samples), and getting sucked into a new project, I didn't end up making much progress on it. I did learn cool things, the microscope was useful for diagnosing the spirulina farm problems, figuring out what the glowy thing in the water was… but no tardigrades.
--- CONNIE

- A scrolling photo roll of lofi pictures of frangipanis in a little box, accompanied by a small automata of a worm
- a working radio transmitter (plenty of nonworking ones got made...)
- a cyanotype photobook
LIBI

A first prototype of a bamboo mallet instrument. I lost interest in it and it was too much work for too little payoff.
--- MARIANA

A-library: I wanted to make a copy of the portable digital library called a-library, but I did not complete this task. Instead, I turned the original a-library prototype on, and showed it to some people, which gave me leads on how to make a copy more efficiently. I guess this is a step in the right direction for Dinacon 2027?
--- HETHRE

Starfish at Work: Little 3d printed office furniture for starfish to be staged around the starfish underwater so they can be office workers.
--- PAULA

I attempted to made an automaton which after a couple of hours of trouble shooting and DIYing finally worked! However I didn't have enough time to bring my vision of making it move a mesh coral structure to life…
But… I learned how to DIY an automaton!
--- SERENA

CLASSIFIEDS

RUMOR: Lumen was too far into gambling debt so she paid off Andy to rig the dinacon announcement timings

libi's dad has been discharged from the hospital 5 days after a successful open heart triple bypass surgery and is comfortably at home being a menace

HOT GOSS:
Did you know that 1 in 3 dinasaurs are POLY - they have /more/ than one favorite animal!

90% nudibranchs are nudists! The only nudibranch that wears clothes is the elusive / spanish dancer/

only 50% of dinasaurs shower daily

there's a whole bunch of sea turtles in the water right now

the mt batur sunrise crew actually saw the sunrise

shalaka found and married her wife, the tour guide, on mt batur

andy wants someone to make a giant hand to pick him up, and a giant tongue to lick his butt

sid once had a technicolor dreamcoat but when they put it on it turned black

alex is a cadaver possessed by a plastic ghost

Every dinasaur will be fossilized

Shalaka will make friends with you and then break your heart by moving far away

I heard that mykk only spells it like that for attention

The big gecko in HQ came out again to reveal that komang doesn't know how to swim

Turns out that Alex h has been hiding rotting squids all over segara lestari for fun

The prince of Dinacon is actually super nervous for his upcoming royal marriage

Muffin actually hates muffins it's all a lie!!!

Word on the street is that saad switched to matcha this year but is too embarrassed to admit it so keeps up this coffee facade to save face

People who wear water shoes are actually very smart and full of good ideas

Lumen steals all her jokes!!!

Hether is using your dreams for dark and sinister purposes…beware

Rumor has it that Craig HATES bikes and biking

* Dear DinaAdvice: I tried to attend DYENACON yesterday at 2pm and again at 3pm but couldn't find anyone or any vat! What's going on? -JustWannaBeBlue

* Dear JustWannaBeBlue, your struggle is real and confusion understandable! Sometimes you just want to dip a patch or paint with mud! However, DYENACON is outside of time. Both fleeting and forever. DYENACON is a state of mind. Be one with the blue and the blue will find you. -DinaAdvice

pumpkin moringa ravioli 10/10 no notes. so good, probably should order 2

CHRON JOBS

VINCENT

Dinacon's unofficial gig board for those short on funding but long on mosquito bites.

Shell Whisperer

Must be fluent in mollusk. Translate crab murmurs into machine-readable formats. BYO hydrophone.

Coconut Power Grid Intern _(Unpaid)_

Harvest fallen coconuts. Convince them they're batteries. Die of heatstroke.

Seawater Sommelier

*Swirls tidewater in a cracked mason jar* I'm detecting notes of reef rot, motor oil, and 15 year coral aged cyanide

Off-Grid Wi-Fi Shaman

Win the favor of lesser bandwidth spirits via sunrise rituals involving banana leaves, rice grains, and unflinching eye-contact with a passing Starlink

Plantfluencer

Photosynthesize clout by posting thirst-traps with succulents #blessed #LesIsMore #LateStageCapitalism

Open Source Compliance Gestapo

Perform surprise inspections on software stacks, shaming violators via passive-aggressive README edits for using technology maintained by someone that earns a salary

Grant Writer

Reframe "gluing beach garbage to driftwood" as a hands-on critique of late-stage capitalism, using found-object semiotics to explore decolonial environmental narratives.

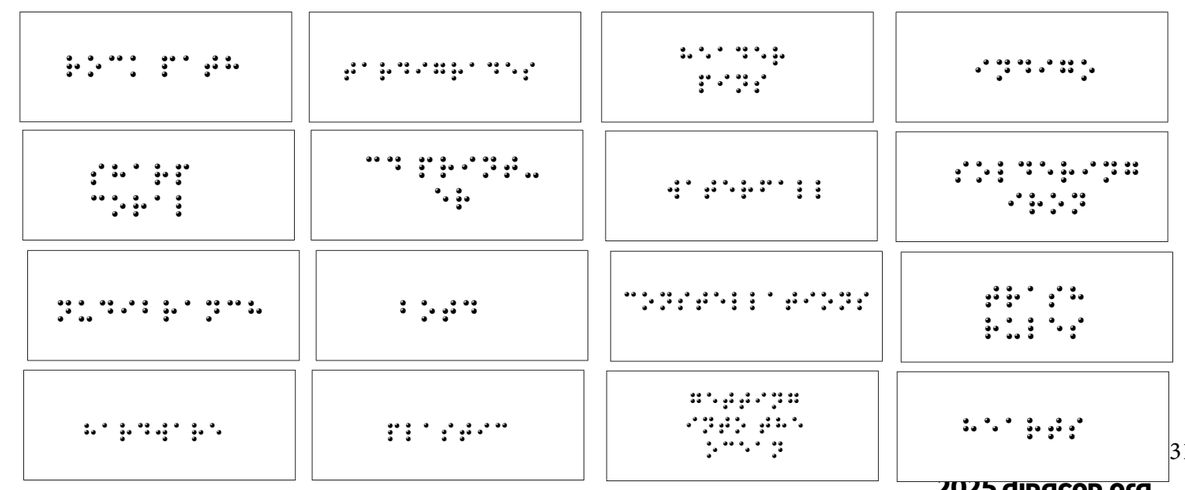
WILAN'S PLANT MAGIC OF THE DAY

karet" - spinach flower fighting**

This game uses the flower from spinach. It is a game played with a rubber band and two nails. Wilan describes as "something like cock-fighting for flowers" You nail the two nails into the ground about 1 foot apart. Wrap the rubber and around them. Then put the flower of the spinach on the elastic. Grab two rocks and rub the nails with the rocks. The two flowers start going towards each other on top of the elastic . When they hit, one of them fails, the last one standing is the winner.

7:29pm

Make 4 groups of 4, ask Lee for answers



It’s always fascinating to see how quickly four weeks can happen. Dinacon Bali has done an exceptional job at showing us that time moves in mysterious ways, and that our in-fashion systems of tracking it simply are not appropriate. We measure these four weeks with you all here in Les in sunset swims, in nudibranchs spotted beneath the waves, in late night hack sessions, impromptu dance parties, workshop after workshop run by one another and wonderful conversations around the restaurant tables.

Organizing Dinacon is a feat; we spend two years preparing for this. Finding a location, figuring out costs, tracking everyone’s dates and answering questions over and over so we know you’ll all be able to come here with confidence. Some days it’s exhausting.
However, the pure joy of gathering all you weirdos out here to make something, share it and give each other feedback far outweighs any stress of planning.

Dinacon Bali has been an absolute dream, the fourth edition feels like one of the most successful ventures yet. A huge part of that is thanks to our on the ground partners, Sea Communities. Thank you so much to Luh, Garri, Komang, Wira and Elaine for all the work they put into making this work. Thank you to the translators, community members, and local participants. They are exceptional people who have rolled with our unusual requests and unusual humans so well, we are eternally grateful to have worked with them.

We are also incredibly thankful for each and every Dinasaur who came here with an open heart and an open mind, ready to participate to the fullest. You are all amazing for trusting in this event over and over. Whether it was your first year or you have been fossilized many times over, you helped make this such a wonderful space and time.

We hope you leave Dinacon feeling inspired, emboldened, and excited to explore more ways that you can grow your work and open practices.

Thank you for making Dinacon what it is.

The only way out is through!

With Love,
DinaTeam